Doubtful ROBIN;

Or, Conſtant NANNY.

A New BALLAD.

Tune of, *Wou'd you be a man of Faſhion*, or, *Doubting Virgin.*

DEareſt Nanny pr'ythee tell me,
be ſo juſt as tell me true
What hard fate was that befell me
to be ſlighted ſo by you:
I that thought your vows ſo laſting
did imagine no deceit,
But I find all your proteſting
to be nothing but a cheat.
But I find &c.

Tell me then thou faithleſs woman
why thou doſt ſo ill with me,
Thou that did proteſt that no man
ever was ſo dear to thee:
Tho' in vain I ſhould perſwade thee
once thy promiſe to renew,
yet I pitty to upbraid thee
that thou art ſo much untrue.
Yet &c.

Her Anſwer.

Deareſt Robin pray believe me,
from my heart I freely ſpeak,
I did never yet deceive thee,
nor my vows to ill never break;
I did always love you dearly,
and no other man but you,
My poor heart does ſhew it clearly,
that I never was untrue.
My poor heart &c.

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Tell me pray why you are frighted
that I should unconstant prove,
Or to think that you are slighted,
or the least suspect my love;
Tell me pray that I may mend it,
if that any cause be due;
I am sure I can defend it,
for I never was untrue.
I am sure &c.

Take this kiss and take my heart too
if that will confirm my dear,
if you think I do not smart too,
will you then believe this tear:
Jealousie indeed may wrong us,
and our sorrows may renew,
if your fears bring that among us,
'tis in vain for to be true.
If your fears &c.

yet my dearest ne'r shall find it
that I e're will prove unkind,
For I never yet design'd it
ever for to change my mind;
Since you once believ'd I lov'd you,
know I still shall do so too,
Let no jealous fancy move you
for to think I am untrue.
Let no jealous &c.

Dearest Nanny i'le believe thee,
And reserve thee to my heart,
For my jealous thoughts forgive me
and we never more will part:
All the day I will embrace thee,
to my fears i'le bid adieu,
When at night I shall unlace thee,
thou shalt say that I am true.
When at night &c.

But I hope that we are friends too,
now thy patience I have try'd:
This i'le do for thy amends too
whensoe're you are my Bride,
There's my heart & there's my hand too,
to all sorrows bid adieu,
All I have you shall command too,
since I find that you are true.
All I have &c.

So they seal'd up their indentures
with a loving kiss or two,
Married straight at all adventures,
never Couple lov'd so true;
So I wish they may persevere
in this happy way of life,
Then true cause she will have never
to repent she was a wife.
Then true cause &c.

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